The Calumet BOILERMAKER

"THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS - - BY THE STUDENTS"

Vol. 11 — No. 3 PURDUE UNIVERSITY CALUMET CENTER, HAMMOND, INDIANA Friday, December 20, 1963

I.U. RAISES P.U.C.C. IRE

Christmas Gift

It was a beautiful Christmas Eve. I was walking to the midnight service at my church as the sounds of Christmas chimes ringing through the crisp air met with the big white flakes that were floating down and together they danced in the night.

With all these beautiful surroundings though, I was actually fairly sad. Somehow I felt as if I hadn't really given anything; anything of importance. I kept thinking how it seemed that the real spirit of Christmas was gone; replaced by the artificial giving of worthless presents.

As I walked into the church, I couldn't help but notice the couple sitting near the back of the church. The woman was wearing a shaggy dull brown coat and her hair was pulled back into a ponytail held together by a green rubber band. She wore no make-up and had no apparent sign of Christmas colors. In her arms was cradled a little baby wrapped in a torn blanket. Her husband was wearing dull brown pants and his grey coat had two buttons missing and a torn pocket. He badly needed a haircut and his shoes were covered with dirt.

I looked around at the other people and realized that they too had noticed the young couple. It would be almost impossible not to notice them because everyone else was dressed in Christmas finery. They always dressed nicely. It is a community where no one is rich but no one is poor.

The service was beginning so I distracted my attention away from the young couple. I couldn't help thinking about them though. I felt so sorry for them; what a miserable Christmas they would probably have.

As we were silently praying, her baby started crying and a lot of kids started giggling. She was terribly embarrassed.

I think everyone in that church said a prayer for them. Everyone felt sorry.

Then the service was over and we were filing out. The young couple stayed seated though. Waiting, probably so the baby wouldn't get scared and cry.

I swallowed over the lump in my throat as I looked at them sitting there, so drab and poor. As everyone walked out they gave them smiles of pity. The husband was blushing and looking down at his feet, unable to meet the glances. His wife was just sitting and talking to their baby.

She glanced up and looked at me, but I quickly turned away. I had so much and she so little, I just couldn't meet her glance. But then I turned back and she smiled and her eyes weren't saying "I envy you," they were the eyes of a woman who had a husband and child to love and they didn't want my pity, nor anyone else's.

I realized that she still had all the things in life that were free, and those are the good things; the things that make life worth living. And because she realized them she was richer than anyone in that church.

I looked at her and I smiled a little smile; the more I thought about it the bigger my smile got. Then I said, "Merry Christmas," very softly and her eyes twinkled with thanks.

I walked out of church into the brisk air. The chimes were ringing and snow was falling and the world looked so pure and white and glistening I couldn't believe how beautiful it was. My heart was so full I felt as if I wanted to hug the whole world. At last, I had given a present, a real present.

I was so happy that I had given something from my heart that I didn't realize then, that I had been given more than I shall ever be able to return.

—Christina Metto

Holocaust Feared

Our Ire has been raised!! State officials have conjectured that the monster Ire, buried under a ton of slag in the Dyer, Indiana stone quarry, got wind through some means of a hypercritical article condemning P.U.C.C.'s social functions which was printed in I. U.'s newspaper, **The Northwest Phoenix.**

The Ire, once used by the ancient Greeks against barbaric neighbors, must have perceived a similar threat to our school.

Dr. A. C. Abel, who discovered the monster guardian and brought it to P.U.C.C., said that the Ire's self-proposed adversaries will have to suffer the consequences until the Ire has satisfied his insatiable thirst for vengeance.

A watchman at the quarry noticed the Ire's footprints leading from the quarry, through two reinforced cyclone fences, and toward East Chicago, Indiana. Upon inspection of the 20 foot deep grave, the watchman found the ton of slag pulverized into powder. The granite slabs which sealed the tomb were lying 500 feet from the site.

P.U.C.C. officials expressed concern for the safety of students and property at I.U. One staff member who wished to remain unidentified stated, "I'm sure that the unthinking writer of the particular article didn't expect such wrath to befall his institution. We had hoped that this ghastly tool for dealing with barbaric, ignorant masses would never have to be used again. I'm certain that the Ire will return to its resting place when it is satisfied that justice has been done. Let us hope that such thoughtless, unfounded actions will never raise it again."

FANTASY in FROST Dec. 21

Christmas Facts Straight From History

Did you know that caroling was invented by a group of teenagers who found that because everyone invited them in for a drink, it was the cheapest way they could get drunk on Christmas Eve!

Did you know that Santa Claus or Saint Nicholas was invented by the people of Russia in thanks to their kind czar, Nicholas!

Did you know that Christmas cards were invented by a little known Mr. Rockerfeller because he thought it was sentimental and touching!

Did you know that popcorn strings came about when a husband was trying to soothe his new wife after she burnt the popcorn!

Did you know that our old favorite "White Christmas" was really written by a Hawaiian who never had to shovel a driveway or stand out in the freezing cold and make a snowman for his brothers and sisters!

Did you know that the tradition of having Christmas trees in the house was thought up by a wife who wanted a big plant in her cabin!

Did you know that the practice of hanging mistletoe came about when a father figured it was the only way to get rid of his daughter!

Did you know that the idea of putting a star on the top of the tree came about when a drunken sheriff was decorating his tree!

Well, there's the truth about Christmas.

Have a Merry, anyway!

Tina

The Calumet
BOILERMAKER

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Editor-in-Chief.....Dirk Dahlman
Associate Editors.....Ken Pride, Tina Metto
News Editor.....Pat Coughlin
Feature Editor.....Nancylee Richmond
Photo Editor.....Paul Jackson
Business Manager.....Jim Herochik
Advertising Manager.....Jackie Beier
Sports Editor.....Mike Boardman
Circulation Manager.....Jackie Hausbach
Writers.....Frank Helms, Mike Waters, Jerry Hancock, Marilyn Harper, Tony Tokarz
Advisors.....Charles B. Tinkham, Sigrid Stark, Dr. J. Tuckey, Henry Hosek

The Days of Wine and Roses

Walking by the official looking closed doors of Room 152 on any Monday during the regular schoolweek from about 12:15 to 1:00 p.m., one would not notice much amiss, unless a shriek or hoop-la manages to sneak under one of the doors. If such a sound is caught by the ear of the uninformed passerby, said passer might very conceivably surmise that: (1) an errant student is being placed upon the rack by the highly effectual student court, or (2) some P.U.C.C. students have contracted the highly controversial smoking habits of some ex-Indiana University (Bloomington) students. No, the sounds issue forth from neither of the above-mentioned possibilities, but from the weekly congregation of that august body, informally known as the Student Council—sometimes likened to a combination of the Holy Land Passion Plays, the Battle of Guadalcanal, and an Old Town coffeehouse reading of Allen Ginsberg's Epithalmium. To give the curious passerby an "inside" (note the quotes) look, this word-picture of the last Student Council meeting is herewith presented.

Entering the assembly hall, one could have perceived, through the haze of smoke, a profusion of Tiki dolls, the half erased portion of a lurid Swahili in-group joke, and a handful of used What Me Worry and Moxie placards.

The uninitiated observer's astonishment would have been doubled, yea verily, trebled upon analyzing the actions of the various members and listening to their pre-meeting conversations. For instance, one could have beheld: Frank Helms and Bob Thomas, each in a yoga position, earnestly arguing the respective merits of membership in the Calumet Area Zen Devotees and the Mickey Mouse Club; Jim Siegel perched, bird-like, upon the president's chair, and complaining loudly to Jim Reeder, about his mother's taking away all his floating bathtub toys; and Paul Jackson slinking (as only he can slink) out the back door after just taking a picture of Tim Rutz getting beat in a game of verbal mumbly-peg with Jerry (Happytooth) Hancock.

Of course all activities ceased when the most honorable president entered the room late. All heads turned to him, conversation ceased, all the members of the council touched the floor three times to him, and commenced to watch Mr. Pride fool around with a wooden puzzle. Gradually, the members resumed their discussions until the president, with a filthy oath flung the plaything to the floor, scribbled five ridiculous droodles on his note paper, just to look officious, and called the meeting to order.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, and a loud yuk went up from the assemblage at the relation of the portion of the last meeting during which Jim Sedlak, Mike Waters, and Pat Coughlin free for three, leave screaming vile oaths at each other, each claiming the others were illegally attending the meetings. The three subjects lowered their blackened eyes and emitted low, whimpering sounds.

The old business of obtaining secret gambling score sheets for the lounge card playing facilities was cleared up when Jim Palmer submitted his research report, and two thousand sheets were ordered from a local draft card date-forger.

The floor was cleared for the transaction of new business. Pat Zywot suggested that rules for proper procedure be distributed to all the members of the council — this motion was greeted with uproarious laughter, catcalls, and even some obscene gestures on the part of some of the male members. Tom Thaldorf, who had been frantically waving his hand for recognition was finally recognized; Tom, being a freshman, and not knowing his way around, moved that someone direct him to the nearest washroom — needless to say, this motion was hastily seconded, and one of the senior members of the council hustled Tom from the room. Popping up from behind a 1943 edition of Scientific American, Tony Tokarz moved that the Faculty Christmas Party be bugged to obtain information which might facilitate academic success for all the members of the council. This motion was unanimously approved, and appropriations were made for encouraging the maintenance crew to assist in this endeavor. The last formal motion was made by Jim Rutz. Jim moved that Paul Jackson be contacted and employed in obtaining a wax impression of an elevator key, preparatory to having duplicates made up and distributed to council members. This motion was approved, but was not passed till Jim Sedlak made an amendment to it, consisting of appropriating further funds for further encouragement to the maintenance crew, in that they might assist the council in this way also. At this point, Pat Coughlin, who had been shooting marbles under the table with Mike Waters, moved that the meeting be adjourned in order for the members to spread out and search for a missing aggie.

Post meeting entertainment consisted, first, of a 4/4 time, folk-song rendition of an ancient Gregorian chant, done in pidgin Nepalese. Next, the cheerleaders did an eye-pleasing song and dance rendition of the obscenity proceedings against Hugh Hefner. Bruce Jones capped the festivities with a special preview showing of unfinished cartoon sketches.

The highest tribute that can be paid to the machinations of this fantastically organized group are the words of a world-renounced philosopher: "When I first met Beardsley Trunnion, he was a turtle. He still is. That's the way of the world."

—Billy Sol Sykes

Yuletide Yuks!

Mike Waters: A license so he can register his dangerous JUDO hands.

Jim Reader: A baby bear so when he plays house with his girl the family will be complete.

Jean Tarr: 36 books of knowledge.

Jim Caughlin: Home study course in ballet.

Circle K: 3 more useless members.

NancyLee Richmond: A book entitled "How to Rule Successfully."

Bob Agrillo: A genuine State Police Jr. badge.

Pat Zywot: Whining doll kit which says, "You can't do that."

Larry Radwin: 63 Packard.

Mary Ann Lukas: Mirror, mirror on the . . .

Ken Pride: A bubble top for his car.

Bruce Jones: 5 cases of Peter Pan Peanut Butter so he and Tinkerbell can have a real blast.

Administration: 2 more monkeys to make the trio complete.

Marilyn Harper: Plugs for the holes in her ears so they won't whistle when she rides in the car.

Mr. Conrath: 1 bottle of pep pills; 3 tubes of airplane glue and 75 bottles of Chocks colored vitamin pills.

Jackie Hausback: A five lesson course in "How to Be Cool."

Jim Sidenbender: A BMOC badge.

Jim Siegel: 4 different ways to keep men from kicking sand in his face.

Dr. Wittrock: A pair of Yogi Bear hip-boots lined with Alaskan fieldmouse fur; under 3 layers of Ukrainian seal, which is padded with every 16th hair from the hides of 4 Siberian leopard skins that were at one time stored next to 3 dozen inferior minks. The stitching will be done with tendons taken from 13 kicking titmice, and tailored by Abe Stein.

O. W. Wilson: The book entitled: "Crime and Punishment."

Phi Sigma Rappa: Mickey Mouse ears to go along with the rest of their costumes.

Cafeteria: Good quality dog food and lolli-pups.

Dick Daily: A pamphlet entitled: "How to Make Graft Pay Off and Call It Politics."

The Main Campus: "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich."

Dr. Wilson: 42 dozen sterile fruit flies.

Yutz and Cutz

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN THE BOILERMAKER!

Mr. Hosek Is Attending Institute

Henry Hosek, Jr., a teacher at Purdue Univ. (Calumet Campus), Hammond, Ind., is attending the In-Service Institute for College Teachers of Mathematics and Science at Illinois Institute of Technology.

The primary goal of the Institute is to enable college teachers to pursue programs leading to master's and doctor's degrees without interrupting their own teaching activities. Advanced work may be taken through the day and evening divisions of IIT on a part-time basis.

WANDA FURD SLEPT HERE

Poetry, What?

CHRISTMAS

Soft white fluffiness
Drifting from above
Shiny silver bells
Ringing songs of love
Little children laughing
Being good as gold
Stores stocked with presents
Of signs saying "Sold"
Carolers are singing
Holiday tunes to hum
And children are happily waiting
For old Saint Nick to come.
The tall green tree is sparkling
With many colored lights
And the white-covered country-
side
Is such a beautiful sight.
Yes, this is the Christmas
That I know so well
Where both old and young
Are entranced in the spell
Of giving and loving
And learning a few things
Of kindness and thoughtfulness
And what returns they bring.

—Christina Metto

HERE I AM

What is this day?
This isn't a yesterday or a
today,
isn't even tomorrow. Chair
squeaks,
the whistling of unblown noses;
a
thought of noctis of beer and
coarse on
fine and great; the high whine
of a
five o'clock orgasam of engines;
light on and off in a quasi-
antique
town seething with gawker
through
mouth agape you neanderthalic
idiot;
flash of color, thoughts settle
here on this table and i see
What is this day—a milnot can rust-fetid in a church parking lot.

AMAZONA BOREALIS

As i lay here on the hood of a car
with my ear listening to its
tic
and
tic
from the long trip. i watched a crocodile slither out from the cover of tree on tree, and swallow a fistful of diamonds. i went "Jesus!"
the car went
tic!
and
tic.

—Dirk

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Busted Ventricles

Dear Annie:

I am going with this girl who is a lot of fun. For kicks, I want to give her a sexy negligee for Christmas. Do you think her parents will mind? Hopeful

Dear Hopeful:

I bet her parents will get a few kicks out of it! As far as that goes, so will you!

Dear Annie:

Is it true that you are always supposed to kiss someone when they are standing under mistletoe? Last Christmas when I was over at my friend's house the father answered the door. He was standing under the mistletoe so I kissed him, but I felt rather funny because he's so old. Do you think I should kiss him this year too? Herman

Dear Herman:

Try kissing a girl first and if you don't know the answer then, I'm afraid I can't help you. (By the way, how old are you?)

Dear Annie:

I have a rather unusual problem. I have sagging socks. Everytime I walk they fall down and my hairy legs show. What can I do?

Modest Mike

Dear Modest:

If you are too cheap to buy boy's garters, use two rubber bands! Your circulation might be bad, but your socks will be up.

Dear Annie:

This year I am expecting a new car, new suit, a set of golf clubs, and a motorcycle. Do you think I am asking Santa Claus to bring me too much? Expecting

Dear Expecting:

Santa Claus is dead! If you learn nothing else at Purdue, you're going to learn that Santa is dead!

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THE *Light* REFRESHMENT

SPORTS-VIEW

by Mike

Now that the area has two daily newspapers—an A.M. and a P.M. job—followers of local sports will have their best opportunity ever to observe the effect competition has on the quality of sports coverage. As this observer sees it, the two dailies could cause two chains of events: 1) coverage could degenerate into a "race for space," or 2) we might see the afternoon paper concentrate on the feature angle of the news, in sports and other news too.

We here at the "Boilermaker" hope that the afternoon paper will in fact present a different view of the sports scene; there is nothing as monotonous as warmed-over sports. We of the "Sports-View" know this fact from experience.

* * *

Launching into a new column calls for an appraisal of our own objectives. They are simple and not overly numerous. We want to present sports as an integral part of our everyday lives, which it is. We would hope that our coverage is always fair. And of course we want to give our readers as complete coverage as possible; as our paper grows, so will its sports department.

* * *

If a person happens to be a sports nut, he could not live in a better area to practice his lunacy. High school sports in the Calumet are at a high level surpassed by few other places. Colleges are near enough for a fan to be selective about the games he attends. Within a few hours travel, a fan could see basketball at Loyola, DePaul, Northwestern, Purdue (of course), Notre Dame, Michigan, Michigan State, or Illinois, and scores of other smaller schools.

With all of this nationally ranked talent close by, it is, we admit, an easy thing to forget that RIGHT HERE, Purdue's Calumet Campus has varsity basketball, golf, baseball, and tennis this year. One need not drive farther than the Armory on 173rd Street to see college basketball on a Saturday night.

Likewise next spring, a golf or baseball devotee can watch his favorites right here, and at a college level almost on his doorstep.

Irregardless of the flag waving aspect of team moral, school spirit, and the like, it is to each Purdue student's advantage to attend Calumet Campus sports contests.

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DAGGERZ

Mentioned in a recent edition of Indiana University East Chicago's paper was the car smash held by the Circle K Club, here at Purdue. The short article was an unwarranted, thoroughly ridiculous attempt, by the aforementioned institution's scandal-rag, to lampoon the car smash, and, in general, the admittedly few social functions which are presented for the benefit of the students here at P.U.C.C.

This writer, and certainly the majority of students attending Purdue were heretofore unaware that the students, especially the ones on the newspaper staff of that academic gem, nestled between the grimy steel mills of East Chicago, were so vitally interested in the social aspects of our college. Perhaps we, at Purdue, can take some helpful hints from the students of I.U.E.C. It's quite obvious that the journal which issues forth from said university like a noxious odor is tingling with the anticipation of performing just such a philanthropic act.

Undoubtedly, if I.U.E.C. were to give Purdue instruction in creating an acceptable social whirl, such invaluable information would be offered as: the care and feeding, rolling and smoking of imported hashish (demonstrated by Bloomington students); how to organize and watch hayrides and hootenannies go bust; and ways to forget to attend inter-collegiate conferences, such as the Calumet College Conference.

The **Boilermaker** looks upon the I.U.E.C. paper's abortive attempt at humorously filling regularly wasted print space as a reflection of the opinion of the I.U.E.C. student body. It was noted, however, that the article was placed under the name of one whose back must still be wet from crossing the border. The **Boilermaker** would not be so crass as to criticize Indiana University East Chicago's social activities, and in the light of the above observation, the **Boilermaker** and the Purdue student body are willing to overlook the ignorant prattlings concerning our activities. Indiana University East Chicago should scrape the scum from its own fishbowl before ever attempting to clean up Purdue's!

Editor

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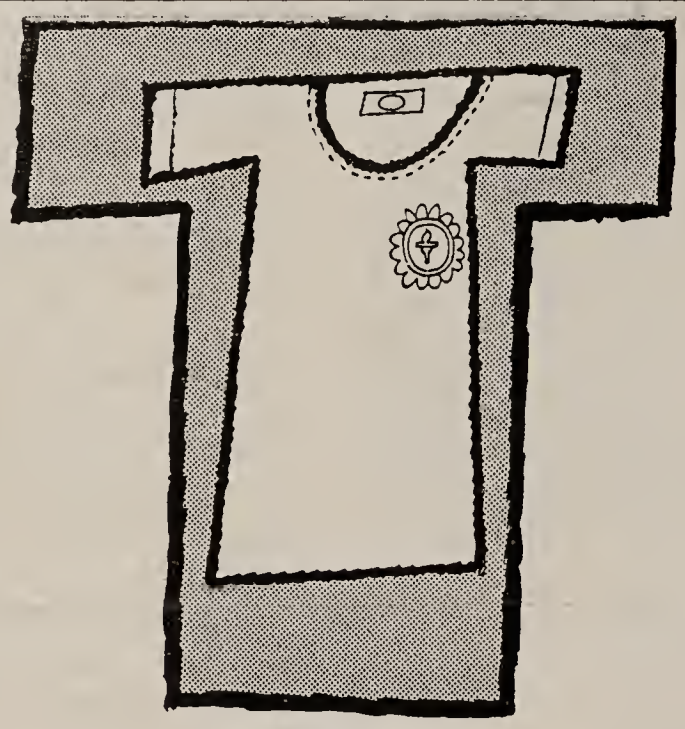
MERRY CHRISTMAS and Happy New Year from THE BOILERMAKER



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